Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, MARCH 15, 1917 No. 11

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Alberton St.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE!

"Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain; it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

"What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
And hide for a time the sun,
The sooner they'll lift and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

"Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though your voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note may die in your throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

IDEAS ABOUT GOD.

"God, the Invisible King" is the title of a new book by H. G. Wells, which will be issued in May. The author says of his book that it is written by a man "sympathetic with all sincere religious feeling and yet a man who feels that he must protest against those dogmas which have obscured, perverted and prevented the religious life of mankind." The spirit of his book, he says, is like that of a missionary, who would only too gladly overthrow and smash some Polynesian divinity of shark's teeth and painted wood and mother-of-pearl. The purpose of the volume like the purpose of that missionary, Wells says, is not primarily to shock and insult but to liberate.

Mr. Wells' peculiar ideas about God have had wide circulation in "Brittling Sees It Through," which is doubtless the most read and most popular piece of fiction sent forth in recent years. A large circle of readers will accordingly look forward to this new book with much anticipatory interest, inasmuch as the title and the statement in advance indicate that there will be further presentation of Mr. Wells' ideas about God.

"In Brittling Sees It Through," God is regarded, not as absolute and changeless, but as a "struggling God." It is somewhat as Bergson has put it—he is "becoming," passig from one state or condition to another; hasn't arrived but is always arriving.

In a recent article in the British Weekly, the Rev. Dr. Carnegie Simpson wrote as follows:

"Mr. Britling's doctrine denies that there is any moral God who has created the world. Morality, therefore, is not at the origin of things. There is no formative first principle of morality constituting the world. Well, if this be so, is there any kind of reason why the world should ever become moral? When, therefore, a being or principle or ideal begins to 'struggle' to make the world moral, the obvious retort to his or its agitation is that the world, never having been made to be moral, has no intention of becoming so to please him or it. Morality has thus no place in the nature of things, but is merely the private fad of this struggling agitator, who is no better than an interloper into a world made on quite different lines from his. It is as if the present writer, who is a Presbyterian, were to join, say, the Marylebone Cricket Club and 'struggle' to turn it into a Presbyterian Synod. The Marylebone Club was never made to be a Presbyterian Synod, and would rightly resent any attempt to make it one. But a world which was never made to be moral may quite as rightly resent the struggle of any so-called God—or godlet—to turn it into a moral world."

Dr. Simpson finds what he calls a true thought in Mr. Brittling's theology, but declares that it is far older than Brittling's discovery of it; and continues:

"It has nothing to do with his denial of omnipotence. Here Mr. Brittling is just at the crude stage of thought which has not got past demanding why God, who is omnipotent and 'omni-everything,' and so 'able to prevent these things'—that is, the facts of sin and suffering to the world—still 'lets these things happen.' This is to be called crude thinking, not in any discourteous way, but because it treats the universe as consisting of only God and things, and that certainly is a crude description. Man is neither God nor thing. What if man has been made—by the omnipotence of God—to be a moral creator within the world? As a matter of fact, this describes more truly than does any other term what every man knows his relationship to his life to be. If so, for God to use His omnipotence on the one hand to make man thus, and on the other to 'prevent' him acting as such, is only for omnipotence to circumvent omnipotence and God to contradict Himself."

Dr. Simpson finds also a truth in Mr. Brittling's theology in its protest against the idea of God's indifference. That God is with us in all our experiences, he says, is gospel, is glad tidings indeed, to all who receive it; and "it is peculiarly the gospel which this day of strife and sorrow needs."

"The only God men and women can believe in today—the only God they even want to believe in today—is One who is with us in the struggle and agony of the world. Any theology without this is really impossible at this hour. One recalls the oft-quoted lines in which Lucretius pictures Deity as dwelling in supreme repose, exempt from all our peril and pain, and far removed from all our affairs. The plangent dignity of the lines has not ceased to resound within the human mind. Yet, in such an hour as the present, with the tragedy of the world's trouble and suffering all around us and entering, like a sword, into so many hearts, is not this picture of Deity almost abhorrent? A God who has nothing to do with it all, who neither bears nor shares it, is a God we do not want to believe in just now. The only God possible for faith today is the God who is 'with us' in the world's agony."

WHY THE LONDON CALL APPEALS TO DR. JOWETT.

Last week The Pacific made mention of the effort of Westminster Chapel, London, to get Dr. Jowett of New York as pastor and intimated that this work would appeal to him more than that of City Temple, London. The Boston Transcript quotes one who is familiar with the Westminster Chapel work as saying:

"Westminster Chapel, so called because Nonconformist, is really far greater than many established churches, and occupies that strategic location in London, and therefore in the English speaking world, which Methodists gained when they bought the old London Aquarium and created their great English headquarters through the efforts of Sir Roberts Perks, and which the Established Church has held for centuries through Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's adjoining it, and several other famous parish churches. City Temple is a famous London centre, but it is in the city, and its work is in the day and among business men, whereas Westminster is at the beginning of the West End and London residences. Westminster Chapel has fallen behind, owing to its down-town location, but Dr. Morgan rehabilitated it, and leaves it the greatest

Congregational pulpit in England. Attached to it are extension schools established by Dr. Morgan, who has been forced to leave all because of nervousness and general breakdown. He is fitted for some work yet, and has given up Westminster that he may do world-wide Bible teaching and in his remaining years perfect his school system. At Westminster the preacher, if a really great man, talks not only to all England and Scotland, but to the entire English speaking world, and much of the foreign speaking besides."

An official in the New York church of which Dr. Jowett is pastor has made this statement:

"Under Dr. Jowett's pastorate Fifth Avenue Church has seen its greatest years, and those years have been ones in which it was asked oftenest what is the matter with New York churches. Not in Dr. John Hall's or any other day have congregations been larger, or have financial receipts been so great. Yet the lot of the famous foreign-born preacher in America is rarely a happy one. Dr. Jowett receives $18,000 a year, perhaps the largest pulpit stipend in the world, and probably three times the sum he will get in London if he goes there. But Dr. Jowett's heart is in England. He is English in thought and action. Almost at once he will consider the problem of getting to England for the summer. Can he do it? He will if he can.

"Fifth Avenue Church is not growing in membership, and Dr. Jowett has expressed keen disappointment because it is not. Crowds attend, but they are from other churches, and strangers and visitors. A few old members give most of the large sums of money reported. Conditions in New York are such, and Dr. Jowett's inclinations are of the type, that he cannot extend Fifth Avenue's work in America as Dr. Morgan did Westminster's work in England. The fate of Fifth Avenue Church and of Presbyterianism in New York will be problematical if Dr. Jowett is lost to America, but we fear the worst. It is an important matter for the Protestants of all America."

The Transcript says that predictions are made freely in New York that Dr. Jowett will go.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Ninety percent of the area of the United States is now saloonless territory, and sixty-six million people, 65 per cent of the population, live in that area. Twenty-five states have outlawed the saloon entirely.

It has been suggested in England that all the clergy under forty years of age be so organized that each would have three months at the front either as a chaplain or as a worker in the Y. M. C. A. huts.

Miss Rausch of the Extension Department of the University of Washington, in a recent address to women, asked those with a generous income to dress more simply so that the less fortunate house-wife would not be tempted to extravagance. Among suggestions made was this: "If you have good things in your home, don't change them."

The Rev. Dr. John Kelman of Edinburgh has been granted leave of absence by his church and will come to the United States to speak concerning the war. The British Weekly says: "We believe that the Government favor very much a plan for sending some of our most distinguished ecclesiastics to speak in America. It has been suggested in high quarters that some of the bishops and Nonconformist leaders, like Dr. F. B. Meyer and Dr. J. D. Jones, should be sent out. We believe that neither they nor their congregations would put any difficulty in the way. The fact that America has virtually sided with the Allies makes this course still more hopeful and useful."

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's pastorate in New York City was celebrated last month. Writing in **Christian Work** concerning him and his work, Dr. Frederick Lynch says that during all those years he never went into the pulpit with anything trivial, or sensational, or of merely passing interest. "Never has there been any sign of a sermon that did not represent the most careful preparation. Every sermon was as though it was the supreme effort of his life." Mention is made of a series of published sermons which are regarded as thorougly representative, and it is said: "Every sermon deals with the fundamental and eternal principles of the religious life. It is always deep calling unto deep, the preacher uttering the deep things of God, and finding response from the deep places of his hearer's life." Dr. Lynch states that practically everyone of his 3600 sermons was a written one.

How the brewers throughout the United States are spending nearly $1,000,000 a year to defeat the aims of the prohibitionists, was told recently by C. Norman Jones, secretary and treasurer of the St. Louis Brewers Association. He stated that a campaign of education is being conducted from headquarters in New York and has been going on for a number of years. Mr. Jones declared that the brewers pay dues of 1 cent a barrel to the association in New York. Figuring the annual output at about 40,000,000 barrels, the association obtains yearly a fund of $400,000 to conduct its campaign. This fund is swelled to nearly double this amount by individual contributions, according to Mr. Jones. The money is spent, he said, for lectures, printing, distribution of literature and advertising. He said the organization is trying to show that beer of low alcohol percentage is as much a food as a beverage. "We are not fighting for the whisky distillers," he said. "Let them take care of themselves. We feel that if the Government is going to take our business away from us, we should be compensated by the Government, and that is one of the aims toward which we are working."

THE CHANGING STANDARDS OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

(Report of Sunday Evening Sermon at Plymouth Church, Oakland, by Albert W. Palmer, in series on "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion.")

The old conception of the Bible was that it contained a uniform and infallible standard of right and wrong. This idea is no longer tenable. The day has gone by when thinking men can accept the Bible as of equal moral authority throughout—when a "thus saith the Lord" in Deuteronomy or Judges, for example, weighs as much as certain parts of Psalms or of the New Testament. The Bible does contain the world's highest standards of right and wrong, but it also contains many other and lower standards.

The new conception of the Bible finds in it rather a record of moral growth and of a rising tide of idealism in human conduct. This development of conscience is one of the most impressive facts of human evolution. Kant said that there were two things which filled his soul with unceasing awe—the starry heavens above and the oral law within the soul of man. The Bible does not present that moral law full grown—it reveals some of the stages of its growth.

Take for example the institution of marriage. Marriage

in the Old Testament is polygamy with the duties and responsibilities very unevenly divided between the husband and the wife. Polygamy and the resulting degradation of woman stand on the pages of the Old Testament practically unrebuked and unapologized for. Only a sensitive spirit like Hosea or a few prophetic souls like Malachi and the author of the second chapter of Genesis even suggest a higher ideal.

Take the treatment of foreigners. Exodus and Deuteronomy permit you to treat them with far less consideration than is demanded for an Israelite. Food you would not be permitted to sell an Israelite, can still be sold to a foreigner. On the other hand books like Ruth and Jonah and passages like Psalm 146:8 where Jehovah is characterized as preserving the way even of the foreigner show the rising tide of social justice, which at last was to come to its full flood in Jesus who recognized the full equality of the Syro-Phoenician peasant woman and the Roman centurion.

And if the treatment of foreginers permitted in the Old Testament was sometimes unfair, what of the treatment of enemies? Let the slaughtered Cananites answer and Agag, hewed to pieces by the prophet Samuel!

How dramatic then becomes the development to the high level where Jesus can say :"But I say unto you, love your enemies!"

The Old Testament therefore must be measured by the golden rule and tested by the standards of Jesus.

Jesus did two great things for the world's ideas about right and wrong:

(1) He pierced behind the deed to the inner motive and desire.

(2) He made the human values supreme in measuring the extent of wrong.

Only slowly does the world move up to the standard set by Jesus. Too many of us yet feel that if we have only kept out of jail we are pretty decent sort of folks. We comfort ourselves by saying "I am as good as the average," or "I don't pretend to be much but I am no worse than other men in my position." We still need to hear the sterner severer standard of Jesus which knows nothing about averages but searches the hearts and weighs the motives of men.

The emphasis on human values which Jesus taught is, however, coming on apace today. Witness the new social conscience of our age—the feeling of responsibility for the prisoner, the child, the foreigner, the ignorant, the unprotected worker. Witness the rising tide of protest against war. War at last has lost its glamour and romance. We measure it today by its degradation of humanity and loathe it accordingly. A new and revolutionary social morality, based on the principles Jesus taught is being born today and will rule the world tomorrow.

The evolution of moral standards is this very day passing through one of the most wonderful and important transformations of all time. We are expanding the Ten Commandments to their social as well as individual application. "Thou shalt not steal" applies to watered stock, and "Thou shalt not kill" applies to over-crowded tenements; "thou shalt not commit adultery" applies to the licensing of cafes which breed sexual degradation and "thou shalt not covet" is to be observed by nations that would conquer smaller peoples. Anything that grows is not dead—and the conscience of humanity is growing!

The day is coming when no one will be called a Christian unless he lives for humanity as Jesus lived. A new life is stirring in the hearts and minds of men and women to-day. It is a new vision of the Christ.—Horatio W. Dresser.

CAN WE BELIEVE IN GOD?

A Sermon By J. Herbert Bainton, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Colfax, Washington.

The existence of God is a subject usually taken for granted. But not rightly so. If it were universally admitted, it might be; but it is not, as is evident from a book recently published by Dr. James Henry Leuba, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr. Dr. Leuba canvassed the opinions of a thousand of the most prominent scientists in this country on the question of the existence of God. He divided them into two groups of 500 each, and again divided them into two groups of lesser and greater men—300 lesser and 200 greater. What were the answers he received to the question, "Do you believe in God? in a God to whom one may pray in the expectation of receiving an answer?" In the first group, 51 per cent of the lesser men, replied in the affirmative; only 35 per cent of the more eminent. In the second group, 45.5 per cent of the lesser men professed belief; only 27.7 per cent of the greater. The result of this investigation does not warrant us in regarding this subject as a closed question. The majority of the teachers in our schools of higher learning are without this faith. They do not believe in a personal God, in a God who thinks and cares for them and all men. The God in whom they do believe, if they believe at all, is no doubt, impersonal, a blind force, a purposeless power which goes grinding on unconsciously, ruthlessly, heedless of whatsover or whomsoever, is crushed beneath its terrible wheels.

But is this conclusion really reasonable? It does not appear so to me. The difficulties of disbelief in a personal God are greater than those of belief. It is far more probable that He exists than that He does not. The weight of evidence is decidedly on the affirmative side.

That evidence which is of a fourfold character, may, first of all, be stated like this: The common consent of mankind demands it. Cicero said that, "that wherein all by nature agree must be true." All by nature agree in this. A very few may affirm that they have argued themselves out of the agreement; but it is extremely doubtful if they have really done so. In the stress of the soul, in the crises of life, the ancient faith has been known again and again to return in all its pristine power. Men do believe in God. The race which does not has never yet been discovered. God is an instinct of the soul; a necessity of thought. Lotze, the greatest German philosopher in our days, expressed the conviction that, "the highest must exist." The conception of the Highest is ours. Surely there must be a reality which answers to it. As S. T. Coleridge asked, "whence has the atheist that idea of God whom he denies?" The answer, it seems to me, must be the answer which Emerson gave in another connection, "when the Master of the Universe has any point to carry in His government He implants if in the structure of mind." The conception is an implanation. The idea of the Highest is derived from the Highest.

Did not the experience of Helen Keller point to this conclusion? Blind, deaf and dumb, her mind until eleven years of age was a blank. Gradually her gifted teacher gained an entrance and a little light broke in. For a year they taught her, but never anything about God. Finally, they took her to Phillips Brooks and asked him to instruct her in the elements of religion. He sat down beside her and told her how God made the world and us; how his name is love. When he had finished she said, "Yes, I knew that before, but I didn't know His name."

This is the first line of argument which makes belief in God more probable than disbelief. Man unversally finds

himself possessed of the conception of a power greater than himself upon whom he feels absolutely dependent? Can the conception be an illusion? Can the intution be a will o' the wisp leading us astray?

The second line of evidence for the existence of God may be expressed thus: Creation demands a creator. Mr. Herbert Spencer once declared, "Give me matter and force and I will show you how all things have come to be as they are today." But how are we to give him these things? We cannot take them for granted; we must account for them. Whence came they? Have they existed forever or did they come into being at some far off point in time? The answer admits of no doubt. Science is positive that they have not always existed. The universe has had a beginning. It bears upon its every atom the mark of a manufactured article.

But a manufactured article implies a manufacturer. As you stroll along the shores of one of our inland lakes, your eye suddenly lights upon a piece of flint, stooping down you pick it up and, on examining it, see that it is shaped in the form of an arrowhead. How came it to be so shaped? Can it have assumed that form by chance? Can the wash of the waves upon the shore have so carved it? Impossible. It is the work of human hands. Long before the white man arrived in this fair land the savage hunters, with no better material available, clipped out the bits of flint which seemed most suitable, into weapons for warfare or the chase. You know that that arrowhead is a manufactured article; but not more certainly than that the universe is.

How great the manufacturer of the latter must be! The maker of the universe must be as great, nay, greater than that which was made. The poet is always greater than his songs; the painter than his pictures; the orator than his eloquence. How great God must be? Two young shavers came down the street the other day when my little car was standing outside the church. It caught their eye and seemed to amuse them greatly. Evidently they thought it just the size for them. "See!' said one, "we can move it." No sooner suggested than attempted! Both put their combined weight against the wheel and truly enough it began to turn. In comparison with the universe, how small is this world on which we live! It is but an atom in the center of the immensities. How many little shavers would it take to move it? The astronomer has made the calculation. "Weigh the earth on which we dwell, count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years; unite their strength into one arm and test its power in an effort to move the earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet, under the omnipotent hand of God, not a minute passes that it does not fly far more than a thousand miles." This little car we call the world has travelled upwards of 60,000 miles since we entered this church and we haven't felt so much as a jolt. Great must the mover be, great the maker!

A third line for argument proceeds in this wise. A design demands a designer. This is the way in which the greatest exponent of the argument stated it. A man walking across a moor sees something lying in the path. He picks it up. It is a watch although he doesn't know it, for he has never seen one before. On examining it, he finds an orderly arrangement of party and a manifest adaptation of each part to the whole. What does he naturally conclude from that? That it must be the work of intelligence; a mind like his own must have constructed it. For "arrangement and disposition of parts, subserviency of means to an end, relation of instruments to a use, imply the presence of intelligence and mind."

Do we not find all this in the universe about us? Have we not here design? Are not all the parts intimately related to the whole? Even the smallest and humblest are. There is not a force in the universe which does not conspire to grow the flower in the crannied wall. Were there one, it could not grow. No wonder the poet said that, if he could understand the little flower, he would know what God and man are. For to know the flower would be to know all else besides; since every part of the universe worked in harmony to produce it. Every part is related to every other part.

This is the argument from design. It is based on the fact that the unity of things is intelligible; that thought is present in the world. The evidence of mind is everywhere to be seen. If it were not, how could the astronomer say, "I think God's thoughts after him." He literally does that. This year is a great year of eclipses. You will never live to see in any one year, as many again. They are all predicted in the almanac; the day, the hour, the minute, the second of their occurrence is named. The astronomer has thought them all out and you do not question for a moment the correctness of his prophecies. You depend upon his thought. But could you, were there no thought on which he depended? Our faith is based upon the fact that the system of things is orderly and intelligible. It is obviously the work of mind—of a mind like our own only infinite. That's the reason why we can understand the universe in which we find ourselves.

A last line of reasoning may be expressed thus: The moral sense within us demands a moralist. Immanuel Kant, the greatest thinker in modern times, said that two things filled him with awe—the starry heavens above him and the voice of conscience within him. So impressed was he with the latter that he rested the being of God solely upon it. Conscience spoke to him with a regal voice. It was not his own but another's. Bismarck was but echoing his sentiment when he said, "I know not where I derive my sense of duty, if not from God."

We are moral. The world is also. All things are moral. Without us there is a "power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Does not the morality without us and within us demand a moralist, demand a God high and lifted up in holiness?

This, in brief, is the fourfold evidence. I trust it may have the effect of strengthening this ancient faith. To lose it is of all calamities the worst. Those who have done so, have so testified. It has seemed to them as if the great companion of their life were lost. George Romanes said, "when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it—at such time I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is suceptible." To conceive of the Highest as "an inscrutable energy from which all things proceed" does not satisfy us. Our hearts cry out for something more—for a Highest who thinks and cares, who marks the sparrow's fall and numbers the hairs of our heads. May it be possible for all of us to believe in such a God—a personal God "to whom we can pray in the expectation of receiving an answer."

MEN AND MISSIONS.

E. Guy Talbott.

Are men interested in missions? The Laymen's Missionary Movement gives a ringing answer in the affirmative. During the ten years since the organization of the Laymen's Missionary Movement it has conducted more than 3,000 conventions and conferences in this country where over 1,-

000,000 men have come together to study the cause of world salvation.

A series of conferences, institutes and dinners have just been conducted in ten Pacific Coast cities. The morning ministerial conferences were attended by 1020 ministers; the afternoon institutes were attended by 3,205 people, the great majority being men; and the evening dinners attended by 2,270 men.

Everywhere the addresses on world relationships were heard with keen interest by the men of the Pacific Coast Churches. The speakers from the East who made up the team were Wm. E. Doughty of New York, Educational Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Frederick A. Agar, of New York, Field Secretary of the Northern Baptist Convention, and a specialist in church finance, and Herbert S. Johnson of Boston.

During the ten years since the Laymen's Movement was organized, Foreign Missionary giving in this country has increased from $8,000,000 to $21,000,000, and in California it has increased from $134,095 to $449,500. The per capita giving for all missions increased from 51.56 to $2.8 in the United States, and in California from $3.25 to $5.11.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement is planning a series of eight or nine conventions in California next October and November, and a similar series in Oregon and Washington in February, 1918. For these conventions, which will largely be in sections hitherto unreached, the strongest possible team of experts will be brought to the Coast. Funds have been raised to adequately finance a Pacific Coast department of the Laymen's Movement, and it is planned to put a secretary on the Coast to devote all his time to this work.

SOME EXPERIENCES EN ROUTE TO MISSION FIELD IN CHINA.

On our journeyings last Autumn we visited Peking, Tung-Cho, Tientsin and Teh-Cho, and we learned something which the papers published.

At Mukden we changed from Japanese railway and cars to Chinese, also from Japanese currency to Chinese currency. In Japan 10 coppers made one silver dime; and ten dimes, one silver dollar, while two silver dollars exchanged for one gold dollar. In China 12 coppers more or less made one dime, and eleven dimes, more or less made one silver dollar. The price of gold was variable. A few months before it had been worth much more than two silver dollars, but had fallen to $1.85 or more. Chinese paper money was suffering quite a discount. At the ticket offices only a certain proportion would be taken at face value. When we bought tickets from Peking to Nanking, a missionary friend saved us a neat little sum by using this proportion of paper money. "It's a po'ah wind that blows nowhah."

Many members of the Chinese Parliament are hot-headed young men, atheistic and even nihilistic, wasting their substance in riotous living, deliberately immoral in the name of learning and liberty. The attempt to restore the Empire was really the work of the eldest son of Yuan Shi-kai in collusion with the military leaders; also before this, the plan to make the Presidency hereditary was the work of these same parties who would have made this son Emperor as soon as the old man was out of the way; also Yuan Shi-kai, the day before he died, slapped this son in the face, and said "It is you who have brought me to this."

The spirit of union among the missionaries in Peking, in Educational and Medical work still thrives. I once heard a Shaowu pastor say to a Shaowu audience, "When we came back to our ruined homes after the Tai-Ping rebellion, we were all just like brothers; But how is it now?" So in San Francisco after the earthquake, all were just like brothers; but how is it now? When the missionaries in North China came back to their posts after the Boxer convulsions, they also were all just like brothers; and there is no occasion to ask how is it now? Because in this case the seed fell on good ground, and lives and grows and bears seed. They are still human and fallible; many new missionaries never went through the Boxer siege; and Peking is not yet Paradise; but some of the light from the Garden of God does shine upon it.

On the broad plains of North China millet is the staple crop. It was a rather common sight to see a span of animals plowing, one a donkey and the other a cow or ox. At Tientsin we saw a fine collection of the minerals of China. She is very rich in coal and iron; and if the present Anti-Christ order of things survives in our so-called Christendom, China is full of fateful possibilities for the rest of the world. Present events are giving us a tremendous demonstration of the awful and absolute need there was for the Son of God to come into the world, and set up the Kingdom of Heaven.

On our way across the Pacific a queer problem came into my hands. It was a "Church note" for two cents, dated March 15, 1797. At 6 per cent compound interest what was its value on August 16, 1916? I worked it by multiplication, and again by logarithms to prove the answer; and I got $21.4856. Then I got to thinking; if there were 100,000 genuine Christians in the year A. D. 100, Jan. 1, and they increased at one percent a year, how many would there be now. Worked out in round numbers by logarithms, the answer was 7,091,000,000,000. This looks incredible; but at a gain of one per cent a year, a number will double in 69.66 years, and this would be 26 times in 1817 years, and a little more; and the 26th power of two is in round numbers 67 million and this multiplied by 100,000 gives us 6 followed by 71 and 10 ciphers. At one-half of one per cent, there would now be 862 million genuine Christians. There has been an awful slump, or persistent failure all down the ages. Christ will not let this go on indefinitely. Oh these wasted centuries.

J. E. WALKER.

Shaowu, China, January 22, 1917.

THE RELIGIOUS RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

E. Guy Talbott, Executive Secretary, California State Church Federation.

The California State Church Federation has recently published a survey of the religious resources of California, the purpose of which is to show the religious needs of the State and how these needs can be met by a proper co-ordination of the church forces of California.

Dr. H. H. Carroll, the well known church statistician, reported in 1915 statistics from 170 different denominations. Most of them are represented in California. A noticeable feature is the sad division of denominational bodies into competing groups. Dr. Carroll reports that there are 20 varieties of Lutherans; 16 of Methodists; 15 Baptists; and 12 each of Presbyterians and Mennonites. These 170 denominations, including 14,546,708 Catholics, have a combined membership of 39,380,670. Thirty of these denominations with 17,742,509 members are federated in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

In 1905 the thirteen major Protestant denominations in California had 1,720 churches with 194,524 members; in

1915 the same denominations had 2,361 churches with 310,778 members; and in 1916 they had 2,509 churches and 318,332 members. In addition to these denominations there are ten other denominations having 241 churches and 11,625 members.

Los Angeles City (Pop. 575,000) has 281 churches and 58,686 members; Los Angeles County (Pop. 815,000) has 104,418 members. San Francisco (Pop. 528,705) has 100 churches with 15,713 members.

The Church Membership Growth Of Ten Years.

	1906	1916	Percent Increase
Baptists	21,457	38,263	78
Christian	17,800	32,522	80
Congregational	25,690	39,212	52
Friends	3,125	3,901	20
Lutheran	11,371	15,853	37
Methodist Episcopal	42,653	78,692	85
Methodist Episcopal South	9,854	11,862	22
Nazarene	1,967	3,700	83
Presbyterian	32,449	47,531	46
United Presbyterian	1,996	3,583	74
Protestant Episcopal	18,503	27,531	48
Seventh Day Aventists	5,758	9,628	67
Totals	192,623	312,278	62

We have a record of 2,817 Sunday Schools in California with an enrollment in all departments of 342,281. About three-fourths of these or 256,000 are children. A recent bulletin from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction states that there are 423,000 elementary school pupils and 66,500 secondary school pupils enrolled in the public schools in California.

LESSON IN ST. JOHN (X).

"I Am From Above. I Am Not Of This World."

Our international lessons are often criticised, because in their "hop-skip-and-jump" selection they rob us of that continuity which such a gospel as that by John especially demands.

Had we begun with the proem, and continued without any break, we should have discovered a wonderful plan and progress; and have been led up to take in these matchless words, when He proclaims Himself the "Bread of Life," the "Water of Life," the "Son of the Father"; repeating for the last time the earnest injunction to "abide in his truth"; "If the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed."

We discovered in our first study the text of the whole gospel, "And we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten Son, full of grace and truth." Never shall we see this more clearly verified than now, when the conflict with his deadly enemies was at its height; when the great multitude were called to make a final decision, and when they heard that awful condemnation, "Ye shall die in your sins." "Whither I go ye cannot come." We would not attempt an analysis nor any detailed account of these most thrilling chapters, but merely touch upon two portraitures that stand out so clearly now that we have made the narrative our own. Later on, He speaks of his loneliness; here we feel profoundly his isolation, the gulf that separates him from the petty men around him. His solitude is a favorite theme with some of the ablest preachers of modern times. This Eighth Chapter may be read along with Robertson, Martineau, Huntington, Caird, to bring home the detachment of Jesus, and yet his infinite sympathy for Israel as he pleads in vain, "How can I give thee up?"

"There was never," says McLaren, "such a lonely soul on this earth as His, just because there never was another so pure and loving." "The little hills rejoice together on every side," as the Psalm says, but the great Alpine peak is alone there, away up among the cold and the snows, the solitary Christ, the uncomprehended Christ, the unaccepted Christ." "On the cross," says Beecher, "the central element of suffering consisted in a feeling of loneliness. Not simply of loneliness, but of exile; and not of exile alone, but of banishment; and not of banishment alone, but of absolute desertion."

A man need be lifted but a little way above his fellows to be misunderstood. They belittle his motives; they meet his approaches of love and service with indifference, perhaps with persecution. To be exclusive is to be hated. To be lifted up is to be maligned and crucified. Who is the loneliest man in America, but the one who is carrying the heaviest burden?

We know that our Lord was keenly sensible to "reproach." He loved the solitary place, and yet he craved the presence of some one near in the hour of his deepest sorrow. "I am not of this world." "The world hateth me without a cause." He was alone and yet not alone.

It is now when all classes are against Him that "He manifested forth his glory," as the sun shines forth with its most splendid corona in the moment of its total eclipse. The Lord of life was crowned with glory not **after** the suffering and death but **in their endurance**, if we accept the best interpretation of Heb. 11:9, "Because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor."

Herman Tueck, a German thinker of high order, has given much study to the life and genius of Shakespeare. Especially had he striven to solve the problem of Hamlet's character. The old explanation, even of the ablest critics, was wholly unsatisfactory to him as to many others. The words in Matt. 12:46, when Jesus will not suffer the dearest relationship of earth to turn him aside from his supreme mission, "who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" These words come to unlock the mystery of Hamlet's sublime tragedy.

The young man was the ideal prince. There was in him the making of a king "beyond all titles." He was in no way weak, a fragile vase that the growing oak is to shatter. He is allied with the highest, and every inferior allurement, even the dearest earthly affection, must take the subordinate place. Cut aloof from circumstances he is a free spirit, and death itself is no longer to him the king of terrors. "I do not set my life at a pin's fee." He plays the game of life in a grand style, though at fearful odds. It is an immense ascent from Hamlet, the man of genius, to the One sent of God, with a clearly defined purpose and a master of men and circumstances.

He must have been a spectator who gives us the narrative in John. Jesus faces the leaders of the nation who are pledged for his destruction. "He was from above," "They are of the earth." He was the Son, and anything that was not of the Father had no weight with Him. He was not moved by partial or changeable motives. There was nothing that could surprise Him. He had naught to fear. Death to Him was an ascent. He took his bearings from above the stars. He walked in the light of eternity.

Gen. Grant, in his "Memoirs," speaks of the Confederate generals, Lee and others, who had come to be overestimated, North and South. He had known them before and he did not despair. Jesus had met Satan and henceforth the arch traitor was a chained captive.

Life is often represented as a game to be played. We are all familiar with the celebrated painting of Retzsch. Huxley in one of his lectures predicts the final failure of the ingenuous youth, who is matched againts the mocking field. The forces of the world are too much for weak mortals. With the eighth chapter of John in our hands we take courage. We will venture all with Him.

When Mr. Wilson was governor of New Jersey, he was engaged in a friendly after-dinner conversation with a friend. Kipling's "If" was under discussion. Mr. Wilson quoted the lines:

"And if you meet Triumph and Disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same,"

and then these other lines—

"If you make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss."

"I didn't know you were a gambler, Governor," said his friend. Mr. Wilson replied, "I think there is nothing finer in life than to know what you stand for, and risk everything for that."

"This is my game. I've entered, so I'll make my stand.
It may be that I'll come to pain, it may be that I'll never land;
It may be that I'll reach the height, or stumble onward through the rout.
But, come what may, a fight's a fight—I'll play it out."

San Diego, Cal.

A STATEMENT OF EXPERIENCE AND BELIEF.

By K. Demura, Pastor of The Union Japanese Church Of Pasadena.

(This paper was presented at a council called by the First Congregational Church of Pasadena to examine Mr. K. Demura, who has been pastor for two years of the Union Japanese Church of Pasadena, and to ordain him to the Congregational ministry. The council expressed their enthusiastic approval of Mr. Demura's statement of his experience and his faith, and requested that the paper be published in the Pacific.

The Japanese Church which Mr. Demura is serving is generously aided by the First Congregational Church of Pasadena as their contribution to the American Missionary Association, and the work is under the general supervision of that Association, and other co-operating missionary agencies.—G. W. H.)

My childhood was spent in the very shadow of a Shinto shrine. My father died when I was seven years old, and I was brought up under the care and guidance of my grandfather who was an earnest and devoted disciple of Confucius. He was, by profession, a teacher of Chinese classics, and at the time I lived with him he held the much coveted position of the guardian of the shrine, dedicated to the spirits of the ancestors of the feudal lords of our locality. Away from a thriving little village in the northern part of Echigo, at the foot of pineclad hills, the shrine stands in the midst of a deep pine grove. It was a gloomy, lonesome place. Silence reigned, broken only by winds blowing through the branches of the old trees, as if ghosts were wailing and howling. Indeed to a young sensitive mind, the place seemed to be a haunt of phantoms. Strange stories were told and believed about the place among the simple minded villagers. I lived under the influence of this place. I grew up a timid and imaginative boy.

During my whole childhood I never found joy and pleasure in games or plays which are enjoyed by most of the healthy bodied and wholesome minded children. Most of the time I was moody and pensive. I would sit by myself and read and read.

Another element that entered into moulding the character of my childhood was of course the Confucian teaching. My grandfather spared no effort and lost no time in instructing a rather precocious boy, in Confucian teaching. He often told me that he dreamed a brilliant future for me as a great Confucian scholar. He took pride in me, and over-estimating the capacity of my little mind, he would make me study from morning till evening. How I longed for night to come when I could be left free to revel in fantastic dreams. Still I was too weak to revolt when my grandfather died. I was sent to Tokyo to live with an uncle, another earnest Confucian scholar. It was in Tokyo that I first came in touch with Christianity. It may sound strange when I tell you that I had never heard anything at all about the "Jesus teachings" as we say in Japan, until I came to Tokyo at the age of sixteen. Previous to my coming to Tokyo, for three years, I lived in a city of seventy thousand population, but never heard of Christianity.

The first time I ever came in touch with Christianity was accidental. While taking a walk along Guiza St., the Broadway of Toyko, I was caught by a heavy shower, and looked for a shelter. A few doors ahead of me I saw a small mission house, and went into it. Although the speech a young man was making was entirely unintelligible to me, the general atmosphere had some sort of fascination and attraction. After the service I signed the seeker's card. But when I went home and told my uncle what I did, he was furious.

After my grandfather's will I was to be a Confucian scholar. The foreign teachings, namely Christianity, was the greatest enemy of Confucianism, and it was my duty to fight it. Such was the admonition of my uncle. I was forbidden to attend any Christian meetings or to see the minister, who called on me several times. Thus, in two years time that I lived in Tokyo, I almost entirely forgot this little incident. God, however, would not let me go. I was to come into a closer relation with Christianity. From Tokyo, I moved to Sendai to attend a German Reformed Church mission school.

The kind of Christianity that first appealed to me for a serious consideration was as a religion of noble characters. The teachers and students in the school appeared so different from those I used to be associated with that I wondered if they belonged to another world than ours. I could not but admire the nobility of their characters.

By nature I had a pretty keen moral sense. Though I never could have answred what sin was, instinctively I had a strong aversion to sin. Often in the very midst of indulgence in carnal pleasures, I would be startled by something within me, and would so bitterly regret for my weakness in yielding to temptations, that I would weep for hours. After weeping bitterly I used to feel peculiarly calm and often exalted. It was probably from the sense of relief. But this state of mind did not last long. Temptations would come upon me like a flood that sweeps away everything in its course of destruction. My frail walls of determination could not check the flood.

When I saw my young Christian friends who appeared so serene above this fierce struggle of flesh and spirit, I wondered where the source of their strength was. I was told that it was Jesus Christ that worked this wonder. I

knew I should feel easy if I also possessed their calmness, but I was not courageous enough to surrender myself. It was during this period of hesitation that I heard an inspiring talk by Dr. Schinder the president of the institution on I Chron. 28-10:

"Take heed now, for the Lord hath chosen thee to build a house for the sanctuary, be strong and do it." Be strong and do it. Strength was what I needed most. I was conscious that I was not a bad man, but I was weak. I made up my mind to do it. I was baptized in the name of Jesus Christ of whom I had almost no knowledge, but in this simple faith that he could somehow end the struggle of flesh and spirit within me. I had to be disappointed. I was the same young man, probably more miserable because of the sharper accusation of my conscience for the violation of my pledge with God. I had to do something to still the inner uneasiness, and I devoted myself to active work in church affairs. As a Sunday School teacher and later as the superintendent, as a deacon and an elder, I came to be regarded as one of the most faithful and reliable members of the small church I happened to belong to. For several years, I never missed a church meeting.

During my college course I concentrated my effort in the study of German classics and philosophy. In the head of the self-conceited young scholar a feverish ambition was gradually fostered, to distinguish himself as a scholar. I dreamed myself studying in some German university or delivering lectures before a large audience. Fame and distinction as a scholar, that was all I aspired for. I was ready to sacrifice everything. At times, however, deep in my heart, I seemed to hear a still small, voice whispering, trying to convince me of the shallowness and selfishness of the kind of life I longed for.

It was not an easy choice between a life of humble service, perhaps in a little unknown corner of the world, and possibly a life of fame. But I was forced the choice. One summer day, I stood gazing at the glorious sunset. Wearied, pensive and sad, I watched the sun going down and the bright colors of the sky fading into the gathering darkness; then all of a sudden I felt some strong feeling, indescribable in nature, stir and shake me all over. A thrill passed through my whole body. I did not know why, but I ran into my private room and opened the Bible and the passage that was given to me then was the Gospel of John, 12th chapter, 24th verse:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit?" I was sure that God spoke to me, and I have never since doubted it. When at that moment I fell on my knees and cried "My God, my God!" wonderful to say, there at once came to me peace and joy. I felt a new life springing within me. Thus, suddenly I was brought face to face with the living Father of Life. I instinctively learned the deepest function of Jesus Christ, and learned that to follow Jesus was not merely to imitate him, but it was to follow him into the deep experience of spirituality and come into a close contact with God. Jesus Christ became to me not a pattern of noble characters, nor a teacher of high morality, but spirit that creates a new spiritual life.

After spending five years as an instructor in the school I graduated from, I came over to America in 1912. I intended to equip myself for a career of a professor in a Theological Seminary. I entered Auburn Theological Seminary in New York State. It is a Presbyterian Seminary, but is in fact inter-denominational, with the student body represented by several different denominations. The spirit of the seminary has always been, to quote our beloved Professor Hoyt, "the freedom of personal discovery and expression, with the aim of helping the Kingdom of God." Liberty and service is the watchword. It is impossible to mention all the good I gained there. I owe to both professors and fellow students for a greater enthusiasm in the Christian service, for a wider outlook on life, for a fearless spirit in an honest intellectual research for truth, that is, all which I am proud to possess. I shall have to be satisfied with mentioning only names of two professors who exerted most direct influence on me. Dr. Hoyt, professor of Homiletics inspired me and enabled me to see the glory and dignity of the Christian ministry. I owe the spirit of intellectual honesty to Dr. Youtz, Professor of Christian theology. Of course, I must not forget Dr. Stewart, the President, the Christian gentleman, who was like a father to me. When at the end of two years of my life in the Seminary, I was taken seriously ill, Dr. Stewart took me to his home, and for a whole year, he was kind enough to treat me as his guest. I knew he did this because he loved the Lord, and I made up my mind to serve the Lord he so loved, for I know it was the best way to repay the debt of love I owed him.

During my Seminary life, my theological and philosophical thought underwent a great change. Great Christian truths had to be reinterpreted and reformed in a new light.

In the third year of my Seminary life, I had to be confined to bed for several months. It was a terrible disappointment and a severe trial. I was obliged to change the plan I had already made, namely going to Germany for further study.

But hours of meditation and prayer granted to me by God during my sickness were blessed hours. I could again enjoy deep personal religious experience. In the feverish eagerness of theological studies, I must confess, I was more or less becoming over critical. But months of confinement set me right again.

One of the direct results of this experience is my determination to go into active Christian ministry. I saw that my beloved country at present was passing through the greatest crisis in her glorious history, and I felt my personal responsibility. Japan needs the Gospel of Jesus Christ; she must be given a clear, definite idea and a strong belief in a Living Personal God, the Father God; the people must have a sharper sense of sin; the infinite value of the personality must be appreciated; they must be saved from a narrow, bigoted patriotism, which with many, is nothing but a blind pride in their idolized country, and they have to be led to a great cosmopolitan ideal.

In short, Japanese native morality and religious ideas and ideals must be refined, recast in the crucible of the Christian belief.

Now I must state in the briefest outline, what this Christian belief is, with which I desire to serve my fellow countrymen.

Waving aside all the questions regarding the essence of Christianity, I assume that the Gospel is not identical with Christianity, if that term represents the present Christian religion that originated in the Gospel of Jesus, but has adopted, assimilated various elements from civilization through its history of nineteen hundred years. This view point will naturally allow me the freedom of putting aside dogmas or doctrines formulated in later ages simply as explanations and interpretations of the Gospel of Jesus but not the Gospel itself. I know no other final authority than that of Jesus Christ and his own teaching. I hope this is not to be taken as arrogant and irrelavent, for I cannot now discuss this question in order to justify my viewpoint.

Though it was indeed a tremendous task thanks to the honest, fearless scholarship and patient diligence of the past hundred years, we are enabled, despite enormous dif-

ficulties to sort out prety clearly the essential contents of the gospel of the historical Jesus himself from interpretations and elaborations thereof, by his followers as they are found even in the New Testament.

The Gospel of Jesus as it is found in the New Testament is comparatively simple. It is the message of the redemptive love of God the Father, of God's supreme presence and revelation in Jesus Christ, of the possibility of the personal union of man with God mediated by faith in Jesus Christ, and of the regenerated spiritual society brought about directly by God Himself.

Instead of giving an outline of my belief of each different phase? of these essential truths of the Gospel as forms of faith, I shall try to throw light on them by explaining some of the implications of the Gospel of Jesus and relating them with the doctrines of the Christian faith.

I. Personalism.

The Christian belief is built upon a belief in the supremacy of the personal over the mechanical. Jesus is the authority and the incarnation of this great faith in the value of the personal. We see how this personalism in religion and life found the supreme expression in the life and teachings of Jesus. He was not interested in abstract principles, and ideas, but in persons. His message was always for the regeneration of personality. He spoke of God in personal terms. I shall have to develop this thought a little more fully.

The Christian belief, whose supreme apologetic is Jesus, confidently assumes a personal God, and consequently assumes a world ruled by a Personality. Now, a religion may call its deity by several names, but there are titles for God without which it cannot be itself, and for Christian religion such title is Father. Personalism in respect to God becomes clear and definite when that personality is called the Father.

It is true that the idea of God as Father is found in religions other than the religion of Jesus. In Vedanta philosophy the Absolute is spoken of as the Father of all beings; Zenda Vesta often calls God as Father. The same thought is in the Greek thinkers, notably in Plato; in the ancient Shintoism this conception seems to exist. Old Testament writers often call God the Father. But with most of these religions and philosophies, this idea remained a figure of speech for the First Cause or Principle, you may call it, out of which the creation is born.

With Jesus the idea of the Father God was made fuller and richer so much so that it may be regarded as a creation by Jesus. What, then, are the contents of the belief in the personal God, the Father?

The Fatherhood of God presupposes the Sonship of man. When Jesus speaks of God as Father, he took it for granted that men are his beloved children. Therefore, Father God cares for interests of His children; out of His great, wise love, their material as well as spiritual welfare is looked after. He forgives His sons of their sins; restores them to the divine sonships.

To show his love to his sons, he gave His only begotten Son, to bring back home the prodigal. Jesus revealed the true character of the loving and suffering Father on account of sinning sons, and provided the way for reconciliation of both parties. Herein lies the true solution of the fact of the atonement. The atonement must be considered in terms of personal relationship. The erring, wandering child whose relation with God is volutarily severed, beclouded and ignored, is restored to the consciousness of the divine lineage, through the mediation of his Elder Brother Jesus. Thus, the drama of reconciliation of man to God moves around the three personalities, Father, the prodigal son and the divine Son.

In the truest and deepest sense of the word Jesus is the Son of the Father God. This is another great truth of the religion of Jesus. The Son Jesus is like the Father God, and the Father is revealed in the Son to perfection. In the person of Jesus, the Personality of God is manifested. The righteousness, wisdom, power and purity and love of the Father God are incarnated in the Son.

True there may be many who doubt and object to the idea of Fatherhood of God even among those not disloyal to the Christian belief. They are up against the miseries and sufferings of mankind. How could Father tolerate them to befall mankind? But, with the record of Jesus before us, how can we doubt that Jesus was mistaken in his faith in the Father God? This conception of the Personal God as Father of us all, must dominate the world, and prompt the trust of mankind in Him.

Put this measure of Personalism to our religious experience, and see what it means.

Sin is the revolt against the will of the Father. Repentance is the feeling of shame and remorse felt in the presence of the Holy Personality. The goal of salvation is the perfectly harmonious relationship between God and man, to be perfect as the Father in Heaven is perfect. Prayer is the conversation between two persons, Father and son.

II. The Human.

The second implication of the Gospel of Jesus is the high estimation of the human, the human nature and humanity. Our view of man is as determinative of our religion as our view of God. The Gospel of Jesus is exceedingly optimistic of the human. Jesus himself was most enthusiastic in his attachment of himself to the human world. He never regarded it as evil, or denied it, but in it he lived a life of an ordinary man associated with men of common walk of life in the most natural social relationship. He shared with them joys and sorrows of the human world. Therefore, his teachings everywhere reflect this infinite trust of the human. Yea, he loved the human race enough to lay down himself for it.

According to the Gospel, man is akin to God in his highest nature, in the spiritual nature. He carries the image of God in his innermost character. Even the humblest or the most insignificant person is precious before God.

"Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Despite the sinfulness, man has a possibility to ultimately conform to God in character. As Horace Bushnell says the dignity of man is proved even by the majesty of his ruins. He needs but come to himself, he need not put on any nature foreign to himself, but what is necessary is simply to develop what is already in him.

This vision of the true man must be one of the pillars upon which we build our theology. The true conception of the person and work of Jesus Christ is to be built on it.

This doctrine of the kinship of God and man is the ground of our hope of immortality. We cannot believe that God-like man should perish.

"Because I live, ye shall live also." This believe of the high value of the human is the source of our passion for the missionary work. Our vision of Kingdom of God on earth is not without ground. Without attaching the highest possible value to man, the cross of Jesus Christ is meaningless, for as is well said by a Christian teacher, "the cross is God's eulogy on man written in letters of crimson." Also, it is the presupposition of the incarnation itself.

Thus, we see that this conception of the human gives the only adequate explanation and appreciation of the personality and the work of Jesus Christ.

Let me briefly explain this thought.

In the Church always there has been a tendency to disparage the human worth. When this attitude toward the human is applied to the Christological problems, it does a great harm. It makes Jesus Christ invariably an unreal being. God and man standing entirely apart, and Jesus Christ, who stands between, possesing God attributes and human nature, must be a half-God and a half-man—a prodigy.

All the ingenious theories offered to justify this unreal personality of Jesus Christ do not satisfy us.

"If we would make humanity Christian, we must keep Christianity human," and in order to keep Christianity human, keep Christ human. We cannot overestimate its importance. In the first place it is to be true to Jesus' own conception of himself. Though I am not oblivious to the fact that he had unique self-consciousness of his own special relation to the Father, I believe he always was conscious that he was a man. He prayed to God for strength and guidance. Any form of Jesus cultus is contrary to his will.

"Why callest thou me good? None is good, save one even God."

Jesus would lead men to God; he was acting as the Mediator. In the second place, it is the basis of incarnation. "If Jesus is not human, God has not quite stooped to unity with man. The measure of Jesus' humanity is the measure of God's love. Had Jesus' manhood been fictitious, God were still far away from man.

In the third place, atonement of Jesus is unreasonable without humanity of Jesus. Unless Jesus is one of us in reality, and not only in seeming, we fail to see the true significance of his atoning work. Jesus spoke from man's side, and God looked upon him as he was in oneness with humanity. He received from God's hand the suffering in which is expressed the Divine judgment upon sin.

,In the fourth place, it gives the reality to the perfect example of our religious life in Jesus Christ. If Jesus was in reality and in substance God disguised and man only in seeming, what is the use of our trying to live like himself. It is simply a folly to attempt an impossible thing.

I am firmly convinced that we should regard Jesus Christ not as "an exception, but the perfection of mankind". To emphasize the humanity is not to reduce the divinity, and to magnify the manhood of Jesus does not mean to minimize the divine in Jesus. They are simply brought close together. Do not imagine for a moment that I am oblivious to the other side of the question involved in the humanity of Jesus. I mean the problem of his divinity.

The belief that the man Jesus was the Son of God in a unique sense of the word, is the central thought of the Christian religion. Christianity is at heart a faith that God was in Jesus. Jesus is the perfect man; his life reveals the ideal of humanity. But this is not enough. We must go further and believe that God revealed Himself in the man Jesus to the perfection, so that God and Jesus are one in their spiritual personality. But how can this assertion be justified? There are two main lines of approach to this faith. The approach from God's side and the approach from man's side. The first rests on the philosophy that man and God are akin in spiritual life. If God reveals himself at all, Himself being a Person, He will through personalities, and the perfect revelation is made through the perfect man, Jesus Christ. The second is historical. Reading the life of Jesus one is struck with the uniqueness of his life, personality and teachings. He showed us God and lived a God-life, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that God is Christ-like and Christ is God-like. Human God and divine human! Thus, by deifying the humanity on one hand and humanizing the divinity, and Jesus standing at the meeting point as the Mediator, the ultimate purpose of religious aspiration, namely the union of man with God, can be accomplished. This is our personal experience.

Yes, if we are to bring the conviction of the Living God to the world; to bring the power of salvation to people, the condition to meet this great task is to have the people learn God in the man, Jesus. To quote Dr. Youtz, "They must follow the human Jesus until in the depths of moral experience—every man for himself—there is formed that Petrine conviction and confession: "This is the Christ, the Son of the Living God!" And with this regenerating conviction working in our lives, we are to bring every district of human life and activity into obedience to the heavenly vision. When redemption is complete human life will be human life still, throbbing on with all its manifold interests and social developments. Yet it will be a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, a glorified race regenerated by love. The power of this regeneration will be the Son of Man with marred face and broken body, mediating God to every one," by bringing men back to the conciousness of their own divine lineage, and making them aware of the depth and width of the love of God their Father.

Such is the gospel of Jesus, as I understand, and it is the gospel, I pray, that God will grant me the power to preach.

AN OAKLAND RELIGIOUS SURVEY.

Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, conducted last week a comprehensive religious survey of the neighborhood surrounding the church. The plan of work and the collection and tabulation of the data secured was carried out according to modern methods suggested by expert social workers. Twenty-five volunteer visitors previously instructed in the details to be followed secured the desired information under the leadership of Roy H. Campbell, the minister, and Earl H. Weed, the student assistant.

The territory covered was the major portion of the thickly settled district lying between Forty-fifth street on the north, Thirtieth street on the south, Webster street on the east and Market street on the west. The testimony of the workers showed that in almost every case the visitor was received courteously and the information gladly given.

The Weak Point.

The report, which has been prepared from the data secured, shows the following results, which are of interest to church and social workers. The number of children of proper age not attending any Sunday-school was found to be remarkably small. The expectation of the workers that a considerable number would be found was not sustained by the investigation. The weakness of the district from a religious point of view was the number of Protestant affiliates not attending services regularly on Sundays. The great mojority of these, believing thoroughly in the church, send their children to Sunday-school, had some complimentary words to say about the church conducting the survey, and gave a large assortment of reasons for not attending.

Comparative Numbers.

The report shows that the Catholic constituents, comprising over one-third of the number stating their church connection, are served by one comparatively large well equipped church. The Protestant constituents, comprising

less than two-thirds, are served by five churches, very few of which are equipped with thoroughly well adapted plants for modern city work.

The report lists the following Protestant denominations in order of the number of constituents indicated by those giving the information: Congregationalists seem to have the majority, closely followed by the Christian Scientists and Methodists, then in order come the Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Christians, Unitarians, Adventists, Advent Christians, Friends, United Brethren, Swedish, Pentecostal and Mormon.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Five persons united with First Church, Berkeley, last Sunday by letter.

The Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento has accepted the call from the church at Forest Grove, Oregon.

The pulpit of First Church, San Francisco, will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. E. A. King of San Jose.

Mr. Arthur Arlett is to give an address on "The College Graduate in Politics" before the University Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening, March 27.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco Superintendent Rathbone will present thoughts which have come to him from a study of the statistics gathered for the next Year Book.

Rev. H. B. Mowbray of San Bernardino reports that the Bartenders' Union of that city have notified him as president of the Ministerial Union that they will seek action by the assessor to levy taxes on the churches if the ministers continue allowing "political meetings" (against the saloon) to be held in them.

—California College, and another at Pacific Theological Seminary, a Congregational institution, in 1911. For a time he was pastor in Honolulu. Mrs. Whitaker is one of our Mission girls, of whom we are proud. She graduated A. B. at Oberlin '07, M. A. at Clark '10, and had a year in Johns Hopkins Medical School, 1910-11."

Miss Mary Florence Denton, one of the missionaries of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, who has been prominently identified with the work of the Doshisha, in Japan, for many years, is in the home-land on furlough. She was at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco last Monday and spoke briefly concerning the work and the needs of the Doshisha.

Rev. W. W. Willard, while on a visit to his mother's home, has been supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational church, Chicago, for several weeks past. After Dr. Aked declined the call to this church, a call was extended Aked declined the call to this church, a call was extended to Dr. Schauffler of Ontario, Can., whose coming is awaited. supply through March. His wife and son will remain at Hotel Shattuck, Berkeley.

President F. D. Mackenzie of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., announces that he is hoping to be able to send out a quartette of singers for the A. M. A. annual meeting in connection with the National Council. Those pastors who would like the assistance of these Fisk Jubilee Singers in a musical service either before or aften the Council should write at once to President Mackenzie or to Secretary Hinman of the A. M. A., 21 Brenham Place, San Francisco.

We are indebted to the Mission News of Kobe, Japan, for this item: "Rev. Robert Burdette Whitaker, Mrs. Louise Gulick Whitaker, and three children arrived at Kobe Jan. 27, by the Hongkong Maru, and hope to sail for Honolulu by the China, Feb. 16. After a year at Shaowu, in our Foochow Mission, they found the climate did not agree with their little girl, and felt compelled to give up an expected life-work at its very threshold, and seek a more genial climate. Mr. Whitaker came of good old Massachusetts Baptist stock, but his home from early teens was Oakland, Calif., where he took a degree at a Baptist institution

A member of the Congregational Church at San Bernardino says, in a personal letter to the Editor of The Pacific, concerning the recent article relating to the new building in San Bernardino "Allow me to say that the article (evidently the work of the pastor) was far too modest in not even alluding to the most valuable work of the pastor and his wife. They both have borne heavy burdens in the work that came to such a delightful crowning on the occasion of the jubilee—and the impressive dedication services. Mr. Mowbray's work in this city is deserving of much praise, as the citizens here, irrespective of creed, bear witness."

BETHANY CHURCH, BERKELEY.

Last Friday the "Beavers," the boys' club, decided to have a supper for the public once every month. This was decided because of their supper a week or two ago when over forty people turned out, and the affair proved to be a great social success.

The Sunday School is grateful to the First Church for providing us with sufficient teachers making it possible for us to have a fully graded Sunday school.

Saturday, March 10th, the Sunday school had a social and started out on a red and blue contest for new scholars. Mr. Frederick J. Adams is captain of the blues and Miss Alice Stewart is captain of the reds.

We are pleased to announce that Miss Alice Stewart has volunteered to become director of girls' work. Her first efforts will be to get a girls' choir for Sunday morning church service, and to organize a camp fire girls' club.

The Christian Endeavor Society has had a series of socials for the promotion of social life in the society. Next Friday, March 16th, they will hold a St. Patrick's social.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Annual Meeting At Colfax.

The annual meeting of Plymouth Church, Colfax, the oldest Congregational Church north of the Snake river was an unusual event. It was of sufficient importance for the local paper to give nearly three columns to report its proceedings. There were about 200 people present.

After being served with a sumptuous dinner in the dining room and gymnasium, the special feature of the program followed, which was the burning of the mortgage on the church property by Jas. A. Perkins, one of the charter members of the church, while the congregation sang the doxology.

A vote of thanks was given to a friend whose donation of $1000 made it possible to clear the church and parsonage of debt.

The present church edifice was erected in 1910 at a cost, exclusive of lot, of over $14,000. The cost of the parson-

age was about $3,000. The receipts during the year were $5,556. After paying all debts there was a balance in the treasury of $119. The Ladies' Aid raised during the year over $600 and are now planning to buy an organ.

Fifteen new members were received during the year, making the present membership 243.

The paper contained a picture of the church, parsonage and the handsome face of the pastor, Rev. J. H. Bainton, who is as popular and effective as ever at the close of his 15 years of ministry. An excellent sermon of Mr. Bainton, was published in the Colfax Gazette recently on "Can We Believe in God?"

Congregational Club.

Over a hundred people attended a banquet of the Spokane Congregational Club last Monday night. Mr. Thos. Brewer, president of the Fidelity National Bank, acted as toastmaster.

It was in the nature of a farewell meeting to Dr. Frank N. White, who has been our associate superintendent for six months, and a reception to the new state conference superintendent Dr. L. O. Baird. Rev. Geo. C. Weiss, expressed appreciation of the services of Dr. White, followed by commendatory resolutions, presented by the Spokane Alliance. Rev. P. E. Bauer gave the address of welcome to Dr. Baird. The writer spoke on "The Washington Yale Band; of which Dr. Baird was a member. These were followed by responses by Drs. White and Baird, both worthy of the speakers.

The Alliance Meeting.

The Alliance meeting held in the afternoon of Monday was well attended, several outside ministers being present. The paper of the day was by Rev. W. D. Eddy, on Sabbath Observance. It lead to the appointment of a committee to formulate a plan of organization for the purpose of doing aggressive work in that line. The writer would be glad to receive suggestions.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash.

The Home

THE NEXT ROOM.

Where bide they all?
Dear friends of yesterday, last year and long ago,
Who walked with us when life was all aglow
And rainbows spanned the gloom.
Not far away, we know;
They are only gone, we trow,
Into the next room.

MIRTH, THE HOUSEHOLD TONIC.

Let who will be born with a golden spoon in his mouth—that is a matter of careful selection of parents after proper consultation with the commercial agencies. For my part, if I had the power of choice, I should not care so much about the kind of spoon that was to be in my mouth as about the smile that was to be about it and the laughter that was to come out of it. Let those who can be wise: I would be jolly. "A merry heart," says the Proverb, "doeth good like a medicine"—so much for what it does for others; for one's self it "hath a continual feast."

I know a table at which sit people so good that their mere presence is a benediction; but their mealtime is a season of silence seldom broken, and one comes from it with a sense of having fed exclusively upon gloom. If in your home circle there is one, child or adult, of a cheerful temperament, who sees always the many side of things, or better still the funny side of things, bless the good fairies who laughed over his cradle and the providence that brought him under your roof.

And try, oh, try, even if it does not come naturally to you, to encourage that sunny disposition; see that it is not suppressed, treasure every bit of mirth and give full value to every smile. It is by no accident that a baby's laugh rings in the heart like a silver bell—haven't you seen a whole railroad station full of tired old grouches turn round, look at each other, and smile in spite of themselves as a little child's happy giggle rang over the dour and wrangling noises of the place? Haven't you seen a man or a woman with a real smile wade right through an obstacle that had defied all the attacks of wisdom and anger and wealth? "The voice with the smile wins." Indeed it does!

Aunty Doleful visits her sick neighbor and tells her all the woes and ills and wickednesses of the village; how the ill woman's children have been misbehaving while she has been sick; how they have been exposed to measles and punished in school, and how much worse the invalid looks than when she saw her before. The poor victim of her well-meant visit is weary and pale by the time she goes, and the family wonders why she is worse that night, and dreads another visit from the good old woman who spreads spiritual pestilence after her like a typhoid carrier.

And then comes one—mayhap esteemed a frivolous person without weight or stability—chuckling her way into the house and up the stairs, laden with cheerful tidings and happy thoughts; the doctor can skip a visit and the nurse go out for a walk. Such an one is good medicine; her presence in a sick-room is like a breeze of fresh air, better than hothouse roses.

Such a disposition is a gift of the gods, indeed; it is seldom made to order, because until it is too late and one's temperament gets a fatal twist toward the solemn side, one does not realize the need of the other thing. But I have good educational authority for the belief that a lot can be done by environment and training. There is hope for us serious-minded people who wisely see that the rose has thorns—if only we make it a life-business even while seeing the thorns to emphasize the fact of the rose.

Maybe if we had had a nurse with a cheerful face and a sunny smile about our cradle we should have had a different outlook upon life. It is more important than the ornamental things that we got later on under the name of education. It is well that a child should learn to speak French; but the language of the smile is one that talks in every tongue on earth, and needs no interpreter whether in Greenland or Terra del Fuego. You recognize that cheery tone, even if the man is speaking in a dialect of Siamese; don't you love it?

Froebel did not by any means invent it as a necessity of education, but he laid tremendous stress upon the need of a cheerful disposition. Plato, centuries before, had said of education for the first three years of childhood: "The soul of the nursling should be made cheerful and kind." What sort of nurse is fixing the first impressions of your child? She may be honest and careful and stiffly competent; but what sort of moods is she making the atmosphere of the child's most impressionable years?

I believe a sense of humor and a sense of proportion are pretty much one and the same thing, and what is wisdom after all but a sense of proportion, a keen judgment of the real importance and relation of things? Usually a keen

sense of humor and a keen spiritual insight go together—it is an equipment that keeps us balanced and carries us over hard places.

It is a dreadful thing when a child who has laughed his way past his eighth birthday begins to lose his happiness in school. Something is very wrong when such a thing happens. What can he get in school to pay for his loss of that laugh? The wisdom of Solomon isn't worth it! Herbert Spencer said: "Where young people are taught as they ought to be, they are quite as happy in school as at play; seldom less delighted, nay, often more, with the well-directed exercise of their mental energies than with that of their physical powers." You may have been able to guard this cheery temperament from nagging and nervous strain while at home; now are you going to lose it because of a bad school adjustment or an ill-natured school teacher? Here is something that will bear looking into.

Sometimes to us old kill-joys the laughter of the young people seems silly and irresponsible, and possibly there are times when a word of Ultimate Wisdom is absolutely required; but believe me, nine times out of ten the impulse to say it is the impulse of a Chronic Wetblanket. The benefit of the doubt should go always in favor of joining in the laugh. "Of such," said One who may have been a bit weary of the company of the Solemn, "is the Kingdom of Heaven." And so saying He gathered to Himself the little children who were right at hand, in their laughing business of being happy.—Prudence Bradish, in New York Post.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S HYMN.

O God, I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!
How shall I say it? What the words to tell
The warm, sweet glory and the bosom swell?
Forgive the language of my simple tongue;
I cannot say what wiser ones have sung.
Listen, and I will tell it, God, in my own way;
For I must speak it on this wonder day.

Somehow, Father—be it not shame to me!—
'Tis in such humble ways I compass Thee.
I seem to see Thee in the simple things:
Foamy water that bubbles and sings,
Bursting in rainbows over the washtub's rim;
The clean, sweet clothes filling my basket to the brim—
How white they flutter at the wind's brisk will
That whips them whiter still!
And when, over the ironing-board billowing clover-sweet,
They smooth to satin beneath the friendly heat,
I feel such thrill of happiness. . . . Forgive me, Lord,
If praise like mine should not accord!

God, I am one who cannot understand
The fearful works of Thy mysterious hand,
The great immensity that swings above;
The thing I understand is human love.
Yea, human love and human things: the touch
Of well-worn objects that I love so much—
Cushion and chair, dishes and pan and broom,
The comradeship of a familiar room;
My plants there in the window, and the glow
Of shining tin things hanging in a row.
Scorn, if Thou wilt, my common human way—
I must speak truth and only truth this day.

O God, I seem to find Thee everywhere!
The steam that rises from the kettle there
Seems more a miracle, somehow, to me
Than all the Heavenly marvels that I see.
The hum of dear things cooking on the range
Fill me with rapture; Father, is it strange,
Since these Thy products are of grain and food
And Thou Thyself hast called them very good?
And is it wrong, O God—my surging pride
When the rejoicing oven door swings wide
On russet bakings I have made to feed
My hungry brood? Thou knowest, Lord, their need.

Thow knowest how they lean to me for life;
Even the strong, brave man who calls me wife—
The father of my flock—must look to me
For blood and sinew and the strength to be.
This, then, the greatest, dearest thing of all—
To know that I may answer to their call;
That Thou hast made me mother, friend and mate,
Keeper of life and molder of their fate.
By this I know the universe as Thine—
That hearts and homes and people are divine!
Is there a greater gift in all Thy store?
My woman's heart is full—I ask no more.

O God, I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!

—Angela Morgan.

For The Children.

BUDS IN SOCIETY.

"Oh, I do love the world!" said a Primrose Bud. "What a beautiful green roof it has and what strong pillars!"

"This is our home, Baby dear," said an Older Bud. "The green roof is made of our leaves, and pillars are their stems. The real world is outside and some day we shall grow up and see it."

But at this the silly little Baby Bud began to cry pitifully.

"Don't want to grow up," it squealed.

"Dear little silly," said the Older Bud, "if you don't grow up, you never will be able to go into society."

"I don't know what society is," whimpered the Baby Bud.

"Well, society is seeing lots of people, and they see you, of course, and so you have to wear very pretty clothes," said the Elder Bud. "I am getting mine ready now. Palest mauve the color is, with a greenish yellow top; I am beginning to learn how to throw out my skirts nicely. They have to stand out in beautiful frills. Then one has to hold oneself with an air and smile sweetly."

"Can't I wear my little green hood there?" whimpered Baby Bud.

" 'Course we shan't go hiding about under hoods when we are in society," cried a Bold Bud. "I long for a frilly skirt; look at Sister Minnie; she has quite an air already."

"The air up here is certainly charming," cried Sister Minnie, who was shooting up so fast she was almost out of sight.

"I want to take the air," cried the Baby Bud.

"Put on airs," said yet another Bud who had been hiding

under a leaf till now. "It's horrid of Sister Minnie to grow up and leave us down here."

For the Primrose Buds had grand games of tag and hide and seek among the stalks and leaves. They didn't at all like Sister Minnie growing up and going out of sight. She had thought of the best games of any of them, and now, poke their heads as high up as they could, they could not get a peep of her nor of the other sisters who were in society, and they had not seen their grand mauve skirts, either. Beg as hard as the babies could, their sisters would not put on their society, frills for them. No, they said they must be kept quite fresh for their debut.

"What's a debut?" the Buds had asked, and Sister Minnie had said it was French for coming out.

So Sister Minnie joined her sisters in society. One morning the Primrose Buds, playing tag with sunbeams, heard a familiar voice close beside them. "Hullo, hullo," it said.

"Why, it's Sister Minnie," they cried, looking everywhere for her, but there wasn't a sign of a frilly mauve skirt anywhere.

"I'm telephoning, you silly little Buds," laughed the voice right in their ears. "It just occurred to me that I could send a message through my stalk for, of course, you're close against it at the bottom, and it's so important you should know we've changed our names. We're not Primrose now; we're Primula."

"But we've always been Primroses," cried the Buds, so flustered they didn't know how to argue.

"Nonsenses," cried Sister Minnie. "Primroses aren't at all amusing. But Primula is like the chorus of a song. Just try saying Primula a few times."

So the Buds said Primula over and over to themselves until the Bold Bud tried Primula-di-da, and went and tapped Sister Minnie's stalk and called up to her that she was going to be a Primula-di-da.

But Sister Minnie called back that was much too long.

"No one has time for long names in society," she answered. "Such a rush it is, so much to see."

"What sort of things?" chirruped the Buds, rather interested.

"People," cried Sister Minnie. "They dart past our windows all the day, boxes on wheels full of them; and lots of them stop. There is a little newsboy and a shoeblack standing against the window now, this very moment.

"Oh, do get out your clean skirts and come up. You'll have so much more fun up here, and I do want our newsboy to see you."

"Well, we'll think about it," said the Buds. "We're very comfy down here, you know."

Oh, how sharp Sister Minnie's voice sounded. "You selfish little mites," said she, "what good are you doing anyone down there? Hurry and come up. Hear that?"

And then, if the aggravating silly little Buds didn't begin to quiver and shake and squeal, "We won't put our skirts on; we don't want to be Primula-di-das."

What do you think Sister Minnie did? Scold, or speak very sharply, or perhaps go away and take no notice of them? Dear no! Sister Minnie sent a smile down to them, a real society smile!

How? Why, of course, she just smiled into the telephone and out it came. The Buds simply crowded round their end of the telephone, and shrieked up, "Oh, dear, darling sister Minnie, do please smile again!"

"My darling Buds. I have to keep my smiles for society. You see, we've been put in such a very conspicuous place; we're in the very front of the shop windows," said Sister Minnie, ever so tenderly. "But, you come up to me, dearies, and I'll smile as much as you like for you. Your skirts are all packed up ready, and if you'll only make a start, you'll be up in no time."

"We don't know the way," muttered the Buds, who were really rather lazy.

"Smile," cried Sister Minnie's clear voice. "Just smile, smile; that's much the quickest way to get into society. You try it."

So the Buds took in a big breath of courage, and then they felt about for their clean skirts, and found them, and the next thing they knew they were rising at ever such a rate. Yes, before they knew it, the green leaves were left behind and they were looking down on them, and then the Buds found they could see through the shop window, and that was so exciting that their eyes opened wider and wider and wider. They just loved being Primulas, and the Bold Bud soon hailed Sister Minnie.

"What a world!" said the Bold Bud.

"What a whirl!" said Sister Minnie.

"How many things are happening, how many people passing, how many of those boxes upon wheels, I feel so la-di-daish, I could sing," cried the Bold Bud.

"Wait a bit," said wise Sister Minnie. "You shall soon come out."

"Aren't we out? Why aren't we out? Why can't we come out now?" buzzed the buds.

And then all the Buds gave a gasp.

"Oh, Sister Minnie," they cried, "Who is our friend out there?" For, pressed against the pane, was a smile,—well, it was more like a full change of sunshine.

"Out with your skirts, every one of you," cried Sister Minnie. "Now's the time for apearing; it's my newsboy, of course."

The Buds had their skirts all clean and ready. So out they came in their pale mauve frills, and then, if they didn't each give the sweetest society smile! Yes, they were at last Society Buds.

And now they heard of the lovely plans sister Minnie had made for them.

But not even Sister Minnie dreamed what a lovely thing was going to happen the very next day.

Who should come into the shop but the newsboy, and put down a dollar.

"I'll take that one," said he, pointing to the Primulu. "The one with all the Buds coming out."

The Buds had made a success at once, and that evening they all found themselves on a table in a room filled with people. More and more kept crowding in, and every one of them smiling.

The Newsboy stood by the pot they were in saying, "I've watched it for days, and these big ones haven't changed color a mite, but I wouldn't have it till I saw if those Buds were coming out. Now these have grown up splendidly and there are lots of little ones, and I couldn't think of any better present for Mother."

"It's lovely, Sonnie, even if the others don't come out," said she.

But the Buds in Society were telephoning messages like mad to the silly little lazy Buds still playing tag and hide and seek below.

"My dears," said they, "how can you be so sleepy? There's nothing so jolly as society."—Christian Science Monitor.

THE PUPPY'S OPINION.

She taught me that I mus'n't bark
At little noises after dark,
But just refrain from any fuss
Until I'm sure they're not dangerous;

This would be easier, I've felt,
If noises could be seen or smelt.

She's very wise, I have no doubt,
And plans ahead what she's about,
Yet after eating every day,
She throws her nicest bones away.
If she were really less obtuse,
She'd bury them for future use.

But that which makes me doubt the most
These higher powers that humans boast,
Is not so much a fault like that,
Nor yet her fondness for the cat,
But on her pleasant country strolls
Her dull indifference to holes!

Oh, if I once had time to spend
To reach a hole's extremest end,
I'd grab it fast, without a doubt,
And promptly turn it inside out,
Then drag it home with all my power
To chew on it in a leisure hour.

Of all the mistresses that are,
Mine is the loveliest by far!
Fain would I wag myself apart
If I could thus reveal my heart.
But on some things, I must conclude,
Mine is the saner attitude.

—Burgess Johnson.

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